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AN HISTORIC EPISTLE,

FROM

OMIAH,

TO THE

QUEEN of OTAHEITE;

BEING HIS

REMARKS on the ENGLISH NATION.

With NOTES by the EDITOR.

Non ego mendoſos auſim defendere mores. OVID.

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ERRATA.

Line 120, for *leave* read *leaves*.
Note to 163, after *taken* insert *up*.
Note to Page 16, for Dr. H-N-Y read Dr. H-RSL-Y.
Line 320, for *an* read *and*.
513, for *when* read *then*.
600, for *own her* read *her own*.
691, for *ills* read *woes*.
721, for *feels* read *feeds*.

DEDICATION.

To JOSEPH B---NKS, Esq.

SIR,

TO whom can a curiosity be offered with such propriety as to you, who have traversed the globe in search of them? Particularly this, which may be termed "*A plant of your growth*," from the unremitting attention you have bestowed on OMIAH's education; attention so wonderfully successful, that perhaps half the town will scarce believe this to have been *entirely* his own production. However, to remove the possibility of a doubt on that score, I have ordered the original manuscript to be left at the Printer's (after the manner of OSSIAN's) as an incontestible proof that it could

could only be written by OMIAH himself. I shall not, Sir, insult your virtues so far, as to mention them in a Dedication, lest you should appear upon a footing with the numerous patrons who possess a large stock there, which exist no where else.

How I came by the copy is a matter of no consequence; I shall therefore only add to you, Sir, and through you to the public, that I hope the proper allowance will be made for the still unenlightened judgment of OMIAH, and that whenever any lines appear uncommonly dull, they will be imputed to his ignorance, and not to any inattention in

SIR,

Your most respectful

And most obedient humble Servant,

The EDITOR.

AN

HISTORIC EPISTLE, &c.

TO thee, Great Queen! whom happier realms obey,
OMIAH ſends this tributary lay;
Him, far from comfort, Fate's decrees have hurl'd,
A wand'ring vagrant in the northern world;
A world of prejudice, where Error rules,
By Folly bred, and rear'd in Faſhion's ſchools;
Where on a gilded car in ſtate ſhe rides,
Whilſt cuſtom draws, and ignorance miſguides;
Where ſtrange purſuits the mad'ning croud engage,
Where book-worms plod, and ſyſtem-builders rage:

Where Macaronies, *Sçavoir vivres* riſe,
And varied whims of puppyhood ſurpriſe:
Whoſe only care is in ambiguous dreſs
To veil their ſex, that wiſer folks may gueſs;
But ſhow at laſt, with moſt aſſiduous pains,
Some plain calve's head, but dreſt without the brains.
Here rough JOHN BULL in ſilence walks alone;
There dames loquacious for his glooms attone;
Whoſe copious ſpeech in endleſs ſentence throws
Feſtinos, feathers, maſquerades, and beaux.
All talk at once too, elſe 'twixt ſun and ſun,
('Tis wiſely judg'd!) they never could have done.

How ſhall I paint theſe ſcenes in untaught ſtrains?
How cull the elements where CHAOS reigns?
Where all we tread on is enchanted ground,
And magic wonders flouriſh all around.
Alas, my Queen! the more than mortal taſk,
A more than mortal pen inſpir'd would aſk;

Who,

Who, yonder cloud's proportions can deſign,
Whilſt Zephyrs change the ever-varying line?
Or ſay, what rainbow pencil can diſcloſe,
The dubious tint which yon Camelion ſhows?
Forgive me then, if in this mazy dance,
Truth is my tutor, but my order, Chance.
No ſcale-drawn plan a paſſing croud can trace,
Nought but a ſketch can mark a Proteus race.

Where'er I turn, confuſion meets my eyes,
New ſcenes of pomp, new luxuries ſurpriſe;
Yet 'midſt them all did Reaſon's empire hold,
Why ſeek they pleaſure but in mines of gold?
Can *Europe* boaſt, with all her pilfer'd wealth,
A larger ſhare of happineſs, or health?
What then avail her thouſand arts to gain
The ſtores of every land, and every main:
Whilſt we, whom love's more grateful joys enthral,
Profeſs one art——to live without them all.

By

By us inſtructed, would but *Britons* ſee,
That he who dares reſolve is truly free;
And whilſt his fortune limits his deſires,
The ſmalleſt pittance yields what need requires;
That hence not bare exiſtence is poſſeſt,
But who wants nothing lives compleatly bleſt;
The mind unfetter'd from her ample ſtores,
Joys ſelf-created, ſelf-directed pours:
Hence independence would alone be priz'd:
Hence ſtars, and titles reſt alike deſpis'd.
Then would they ſhare what nature's bounty grants
Nor multiply imaginary wants.
Now whilſt the tongue unbounded freedom wooes,
Some gilded chain the treach'rous mind purſues;
Some craving wiſh, which unpoſſeſt affords
The ſenſeleſs cringe to deſpicable lords.
In vain their titles monarchs might beſtow;
In vain from aught but worth could greatneſs flow;
Did not the weakneſs of the crowd create
The pow'r of wealth, and conſequence of ſtate.

Elſe might the ſoul, unaw'd by hopes or fears,
Claim reaſon's patent to take rank of Peers.

Thus, ſince from error all their conduct ſprings,
Each curious group new food for laughter brings.
Here bloated biſhops loll in purple coach,
On turtle dine, and luxuries reproach.
But if like doctrines diff'rently are paid,
Theſe we may judge muſt have an *wholeſale* trade;
Whilſt hackney curates ſtarving on the town,
Retail divinity for half a crown.

Here churches ſtand, where pious chriſtians pray;
Here meetings flouriſh, more devout than they:
But where religion over-grown prevails,
Pure reaſon ſinks, and moral virtue fails.
The bigot wildly warm'd by joys above
Lets not the world participate his love:
His ſoul enrapt' admits no vain reſtraint,
To man a ſcoundrel, but to God a ſaint.

Miſled by faith, from ſcripture learnt by rote,
He aims the dagger at a brother's throat;
And calmly damns thoſe realms who ne'er could know
What happen'd here two thouſand years ago.
No lib'ral works can ſave who diſbelieve
What human reaſon never could conceive:
Though from unerring truth that reaſon came,
A guiding ray of pure cœleſtial flame.
In vain the good, the gen'rous, and the wiſe
May claim a title to their kindred ſkies;
In vain thoſe names which ſhine on hiſtory's page
May boaſt the virtues of a heathen age;
Heav'n has no room, but merely to contain
A caſſockt, canting, methodiſtic train.
Eternal goodneſs kindly gave us birth,
To live diſtreſt and mortify'd on earth;
And to preſerve like juſtice through the whole,
Created devils to torment the ſoul †.

The

† The inſolence of the Romiſh clergy who aſſume the power of ſelling poſſeſſions in heaven for ready money paid on earth, was poignantly rebuked by

The public worſhip (not more ſtrange than true)
Tells the Creator what he ought to do;
Aſks him at pleaſure when to ſhine, or rain;
To ſave from famine, peſtilence, and pain:
Whilſt we ſcarce dare to intimate deſire,
To him who knows what all our wants require.
Nor with the vain impertinence of pray'r,
Preſume to dictate what behoves his care;
Point out no bleſſings, deprecate no ill,
But wait ſubmiſſive his Almighty Will.
Our only ſounds in notes of praiſe ariſe,
For all the good his friendly hand ſupplies;
The purer homage our devotions ſhew,
Tends to relieve the panting breaſt of woe:

by MACHIAVEL in his laſt moments, when being exhorted by his confeſſor to be of good cheer, and hope ſhortly to be in Heaven, with St. FRANCIS, and St. BENNET, and St. ANTHONY, and ſuch. He aſked him why he omitted to mention the more reſpectable names of SOCRATES, CATO, TITUS, MARCUS AURELIUS, with many others who did honour to human nature? To which the Prieſt replied. "Oh they! they were all Heretics, they are all damned, and gone to Hell." "Then by GOD (exclaims MACHIAVEL) I'll go there too, ſooner than live in Heaven with ſuch company."

To

To bid light ſports, with frolic loves abound,
And ſpread the ſtreams of happineſs around,
Convinc'd whoſe mind benignity employs,
Muſt look with pleaſure on a world of joys.
Thus hand in hand the ſocial virtues rove
And man meets man with all a brother's love,
Whilſt, arm'd with hoſtile rage, theſe realms maintain,
In ſloth and pride, a party colour'd train.
Men cheaply hir'd that freedom to reſign,
Which Britons boaſt the only *right divine*.
Who for a groat will death itſelf defy,
And fight moſt fiercely without aſking why;
Yet in cool blood premeditately go
To murder wretches whom they cannot know.
Urg'd by no inj'ry, prompted by no ill,
In forms they butcher, and by ſyſtems kill;
Croſs o'er the ſeas, to ravage diſtant realms,
And ruin thouſands worthier than themſelves.

Methinks

Methinks you aſk, what wondrous wealth can bribe
The lib'ral mind to join this hateful tribe?
Know then! that ſtateſmen find an eaſier way
To feed their foibles, than their wants to pay.
Hence, pence by driblets drop, but honour pours
A copious flood from unexhauſted ſtores.
The ſoldier ſtarves, whilſt laurels round him wreathe;
Captains exiſt, and enſigns barely breathe.
No fatt'ning beef their warlike ſtomachs feel,
Vulgar appendage of a city meal;
But what in ſolid comfort is deny'd,
Dazzles in tinſel'd pageantry ſupply'd.
Fools-caps no more reſtricted to the head,
In tawdry colours o'er their backs are ſpread,
Which more bedizen'd, glaringly they grace
With the mock ſplendor of a worſted lace.
A garb thus trim'd the form fantaſtic yields
Of the mad Monarch Sovereign in *Moorfields*:
Yet each a hero ſtruts, with vain parade,
Dup'd by the ſmartneſs of a ſilk cockade,

And gorg'd with honour ſees where freedom reigns
Himſelf a ſlave, yet glories in his chains.
Obſerve, my Queen! what men term Hero here
Is ſome dull wretch, too cowardly to fear;
By ſounding words made raſh in nature's ſpite,
Like butcher's dog is halloo'd on to fight:
Who toils through life and draws a painful breath,
In ſome old ſong to flouriſh after death.
Here * Martinetts ſublime manœuvres know,
All mighty pretty in a puppet-ſhew.
And innocently in terrific arts,
Kill their own time, and wound---fair damſels hearts,
Whilſt generals fir'd by fame, their diſtaffs leave,
Glorious, to plan---a button, or a ſleeve;
In ſcanty coat confine a ſoldier's arms,
He cannot feel the cold whom honour warms!

* Martinett a military phraſe for a trifling diſciplinarian; and as OMIAH juſtly obſerves, the attention of modern generals is entirely taken with the cut of a coat, or the cock of a hat; it being found impoſſible for a man to be as brave as his neighbours, if his ſkirts are half an inch longer.

Then pinch his legs, and harneſs up his knees;
Wiſely intending he ſhould march at eaſe.
But kindly teach him only arts of ſhow,
Which neither threaten or annoy the foe:
Whence I ſhould hope they will on prudent plan,
Fight where they muſt, parade it where they can.

You aſk, great Queen, what vaſt, what gen'ral uſe,
What priz'd reſult theſe toilſome wars produce?
Learn, that when each have had ſome thouſands ſlain,
All ends as it began, in peace again.
We *Otaheiteans*, ſimple as we are,
Wade not to peace through all the ſtorms of war:
Nor take a road ſo ſtrangely round about,
Juſt to arrive at where we firſt ſet out.

Not rul'd like us on nature's ſimple plan,
Here laws on laws perplex the dubious man.
Who vainly thinks theſe volumes are more ſtrong,
Than our plain code of ---------- thou ſhalt do no wrong.

The ſcience hence, with learned dullneſs fraught,
Brings ſlow deciſions, ever dearly bought.
Perhaps, my Queen! this wondrous tale you ſlight,
That men of worth want bribing to do right:
But ſoon would law be found a bankrupt trade,
If doing *right* excluſively was paid.
The well-taught pleader gets deſerv'd applauſe,
Who makes the weakeſt prove the ſtrongeſt cauſe;
And boaſts with reaſon that perplexing ſkill,
Which truth with falſehood can confound at will.
The mereſt blockhead may ſuffice to gain
A winning verdict, when the caſe is plain:
But parts are ſhewn, to make a brave defence
Againſt all equity and common ſenſe.
Though juſtice ſought, ſhe too is venal here,
But vaſt her price, when even law is dear;
Not that between them more connections hold,
Than glaſs with di'mond has, or lead with gold:

Yet

Yet built on law, the juſtice which prevails,
The bribing guinea weighs in equal ſcales.*
At *Otaheite* he would ſcarce be heard,
Who left the Thing to quibble on the Word:
Such reas'ning though, midſt this chicaning race,
Of lawyer's logic conſtitutes the baſe.
From hence it came, that when a caſual ſtroke
A ſimple taylor's *wooden* leg had broke,
He was perſuaded by the knave he fee'd,
On the black act directly to proceed.
Hence too it comes that people here contrive
To buy and ſell in forms, whence lawyers thrive:
Whoſe honeſt care, in all the deeds they draw,
That trade may flouriſh, wiſely leave a flaw.
Thus papers multiply ſo wond'rous faſt,
That reams of parchment hide the land at laſt;
Houſes themſelves ſo oft' are bought and ſold,
Till their own titles they would ſcarcely hold.

* We can eaſily conceive how OMIAH was led into this ſtrange blunder, by ſeeing the portrait of Juſtice repreſented with the ſame kind of balance he had ſeen commonly uſed for weighing money.

Woe to the wretch, who when the great oppreſs,
By legal methods ſupplicates redreſs!
Loſt in the endleſs labyrinth of law,
Or ſqueez'd to death beneath her iron claw,
This praiſe is her's, ſhe in her mildeſt ſhape
Ruins both parties-------leſt th'aggreſſor 'ſcape.

From groups deſtructive turn thee, to admire
Where Dulneſs ſits in Harlequin's attire:
Mark from her chair Torpedo's wonders teem,†
And numbing yawns exemplify the theme.
Here Virtuoſi dwell, who ſtrangely wiſe,
Are learn'd in maggots, and can nick-name flies;
Whoſe ſkill deſects a mite from mouldy cheeſe,
Traces his nerves, and even counts his fleas.‡
This wond'rous race ſtill pry, in nature's ſpite,
Through all her ſecrets, and *Tranſactions* write;

† See a late diſcourſe on the Torpedo.

‡ The learned are agreed that the ſmall animals which prey on men, beaſts, &c. have others, which prey on them again; and ſo on, *ad infinitum*.

How

How fiery dames, when drams with age combine,
Belch, and explode like vapours in a mine;*
How an oil cruet's ſoft'ning pow'rs reſtrain,
The maddeſt tumults of th' impetuous main;†
How Zoöphyte plants with animals unite,‡
Where corals copulate, and ſpunges bite.
As well they teach, with terms abſtruſe at hand,
What they know not, as what they underſtand:
All things they prove, and calculations bring,
How many geeſe are bred in Saturn's ring;
How ſoon a ſnipe in Mercury would roaſt,
And how the ſun-beams ſhould prepare the toaſt.
They'd ſet the *Thames* on fire, to clear a doubt,
How many days 'twould take in burning out:
And ſhould they wiſh to cheer the gloom of night,
Could ſnuff the planets to a ſtronger light.

* See an account of a woman burnt to death, by her inſide taking fire, in the Philoſophical Tranſactions for 1774, Part ii.

† See the ſame, for a ſhip ſaved in a ſtorm, by throwing oil over board.

‡ Zoöphytes, formerly claſſed amongſt plants, ſince proved, in the Tranſactions, to be vegetative animals.

Hint but the nitre that its flakes bestow,
Gunpowder cracks, prepar'd from dreadful snow;
And just remark how ill earth's seasons roll,
They send to oil her axis at the pole:*
Or should attraction's laws their souls bewitch,
M--SK--L--NE goes to cook, and catch the itch.†
Already lords of space, they tell how soon
A learned *crepitus* would reach the moon;
In whom they trace not only lands and seas,
But tell her codling, from her pippin trees.
Curious in books, they seek, with studious care,
Whate'er is worm-gnaw'd, obsolete, and rare:

* The project of sailing to the pole was of so improbable a nature, that though conducted by the most respectable abilities, it terminated in little more than a party of leap-frog, an engagement with sea-horses, and a curious method of correcting experiments, for the further amusement of Dr. H--N--Y at home.

† This gentleman lately went to *Scotland* to discover the attraction of matter. We have never heard any reason OMIAH had to suspect his conduct, except the general remark, that common observers usually relate an experiment faithfully; but when so great a man as a Pr-f-ss-r R-y-l engages, he is apt to form some hypothesis beforehand, which it is wrested or falsified to support, and this is termed *cooking* an experiment.

And taught by ſenſe, by zeal for learning led,
That moſt is valu'd which can leaſt be read;
Had but the gods more largely bleſt the age,
With the green ruſt of antiquarian rage,
Then might we hope that coxcomb thing call'd Taſte,
Should by black-letter'd witchcraft be diſplac'd;
And juſtly ſee the library prefer'd,
Where no man living could make out a word.‡
Thrice happy he whoſe ten years ſearch deſcries
Some *Non deſcript*, a filbert maggot's ſize:
Though ign'rance think, that ſince this globe has run
So many a ſtated circle round the ſun,
So many a year has held compact and fair,
Unbleſt with knowledge of this inſect rare,
It might *perchance*, had it not yet been found,
Have held together ſtill, and ſtill gone round.

‡ As a proof of this rage for antiquity, OMIAH had perhaps heard, that a book of 48 pages, bought at *Amſterdam* in 1766 for two-pence, was lately ſold, at Dr. Aſkew's ſale, for 80l. ſterling. There are about thirty better editions of it to be had at every ſtall; but the merit of this was being 306 years old.

But theſe in life at pleaſure wiſely aim,
Nor want for ſport, where butterflies are game:
Clear from *ennui*, their hours glide ſmooth away,
And ſome new fancies tickle each new day.
Cloſe linkt with theſe, thoſe peoplers of the ſkies,
Aerial architects of ſyſtems, riſe;
Whoſe phraſe in learned incoherence ſeems
The rant of feveriſh philoſophic dreams.
With uſeful logic moſt diſcreetly taught,
To prove exact the hypothetic thought,
They brew a ſoul, make matter think with eaſe,
And hatch a world from any egg they pleaſe.
Of theſe no land a richer group can ſhow,
Than that ſtrange clime where only churches grow.*
There Philogræcos dwells, in whom prevails
A ſcientific prejudice for tails;
Who feels, ſurmounting even his native itch,
The cacoethes of a taper breech.

* A late Tour to the Hebrides, after inſiſting ſtrongly upon the want of vegetation, mentions a church being *grown* too little.

This

This rigid Nature, to reſtrain our pride,
To monkies granted, but to man deny'd;
Elſe had our beaus, e'er this, agreed what air
Should be the ſmarteſt faſhionable wear:
Each in his fancy would conſult his place;
Thus, a long tail might fortune-hunters grace;
The grave divines, with faith and fat well ſtockt,
Might, like black cattle, properly be dockt:
Peers, of the jockey club, to match their ſtud,
Might cut them ſimple------as a mark of blood;
A fierce cockt tail might deck the captain's breech;
Whilſt clerks and tradeſmen figur'd in a ſwitch;
And city dames, to make their ſpouſes ſpruce,
Might get them nickt-----for ornament and uſe.
How would the Scot's philanthropy be cheer'd,
To find his favourite member thus rever'd.†

† See an account of the men with tails, in the Origin of Language, B. ii. chap. 3. It is ſaid that when the famous Abyſſinian traveller came to *Edinburgh*, he happened to go into a court where the noble author was ſitting in his judicial capacity, who being ſeized with the *furor* of ſyſtematic prejudice, found it impoſſible to hold out till the cauſe was finiſhed, but ſent a meſſenger with lord M--'s compliments, begging to be *immediately* informed, if he had ſeen any of the *men with tails*.

He

He who in each baboon can kindly trace
Some hapleſs brother of the *human race*;*
And grieves to ſee perchance ſome captive king
Made dance for pence, to pleaſe the gaping ring.
Nor ends his fondneſs here------he, gen'rous friend!
When brutes can riſe no more, makes us deſcend;
And joins *Boſtonians* in the graceleſs plan,
To make a *feather'd quadruped* of man.‡

* The author inſiſts that the Oran Outangs are of our ſpecies, and calls them men in all parts of his work. Vide the note, chap. 14, book i. "Now if we get over that prejudice, (that ſpeech is natural to "man) and do not inſiſt that other arts of life, which the Oran Outangs "want, are likewiſe natural to man, it is impoſſible we can refuſe them "the appellation of *men*." Again in the preceding page, "But though "from the particulars above mentioned it appears *certain* that they are of "our ſpecies, and though they have made ſome progreſs in the arts of life, "they have not come the length of language; and accordingly none of "them that have been brought to *Europe* could ſpeak, and what ſeems "ſtrange, never learned to ſpeak."

‡ "It would ſeem that to man's other acquired habits we muſt add "his quality of a biped, which has been always thought an eſſential part "of his original nature, and accordingly is made part of ſome defini-"tions of him; but Ariſtotle knew better, &c." Note to book i. chap. 14. Plato's definition, here alluded to, has been long deemed unſatisfactory, but never poſitively falſe (that I know of) until our author attacked this part of it, and the Americans, by tarring and feathering, determined to deſtroy the other.

The

The ſtage, once rich in ſtores of genuine wit,
When Nature dictated what SHAKESPEARE writ;
When GARRICK's pow'rs that Nature could improve,
And rouſe the ſoul to rage, or melt to love;
Now in vile farce and pantomime diſplays
The vicious taſte of theſe refining days;
Where guady ſhews of pageantry ſurpriſe,
As if, like ARGUS, Britons were all eyes.
Stage trick in all the artifice of ſcenes,
From ſenſe and taſte the harmleſs poet ſcreens:
Yet vaſt its pow'r when ſoureſt critics burn
At beauteous H-RTL-Y mourning o'er the urn.
New tragedies moſt marvellouſly deep,
The audience lull to ſympathiſing ſleep:
Or ſhould ſtain'd daggers ſtrive to move diſtreſs,
They tremble only for the hero's dreſs;
Whoſe fate the carpets omnious preſage,
And ſave king R-DD-SH from the duſty ſtage.
THALIA too with kindred influence ſheds
As gentle poppies o'er the nodding heads:

Where ſoporific ſentiments prevail,
And each ſo moving whines the piteous tale,
That country hearers all bewilder'd try,
To judge from others when to laugh or cry.

Poems of old bore ſterling ſenſe along,
Then Wiſdom's god inſpir'd the Muſes ſong.
Now liſping Cupids lead the tuneful band,
And languid nonſenſe warbles through the land.
Hence wretched lovers ſigh in wretched verſe,
And DELIA's charms in ſimile rehearſe.
Full on her cheeks the *damaſk roſes* blow;
Her lips are *coral*, and her breaſt is *ſnow*;
Two *radiant ſuns* are center'd in her eyes,
Beneath whoſe *rays* forlorn SYLVANDER dies.
Nor are the charms reſtricted to her face,
She looks a *goddeſs*, and ſhe moves a *grace*:
Her voice is *muſic*, ſuch as *Syrens* ſing,
And the whole portrait ſhines----like any thing.

Cheer'd by no rays, but thoſe of *northern lights*,
The paſt'ral bard forgets from whence he writes:
And wrapt in blankets by a ſea-coal fire,
Bids *flow'rets* riſe to his creative lyre.
ORPHEUS of old might dancing brutes enthral,
Great Nature's ſelf awaits our poet's call:
He bids, and ſtrait light *Zephyrs* clear the ſky;
Alps, *Arnos*, *Tibers* all to *Grub-Street* fly.
This is no clime, whate'er theſe ſongſters dream,
To dabble barefoot in *a purling ſtream.*
What nymphs could ſofteſt lines entice to rove,
With froſt-bit noſes through ſome *ſhady grove?*
Or who would pant on *moſſy banks* to ſleep,
Reclin'd at eaſe----in ſnow ſix inches deep?
Here ſatire's ſhafts are launch'd with harmleſs ſting,
The trueſt emblems of the grey-gooſe wing;
And folio epigrams are brought to bed,
After hard labour, with a point of lead.
Here truly diſmal Elegiaſts cry,
In grave bombaſt elaborately dry.

Whilſt in pert ſonnet ſome young fopling ſwells
The vileſt note on folly's jingling bells.

Such ſtuff is priz'd----but mark what care repays,
The worth of pleaſing, or inſtructive lays
Where want, and chains are doom'd the author's lot,
His verſe remember'd, but himſelf forgot.
Ah, ſhew the youth, e'er yet the muſe has fir'd,
Where SMART was ſtarv'd, and gen'rous LLOYD expir'd.
Point out the cell where, blazing PINDAR's rage,
Unrivall'd COLLINS madly left the ſtage.†
Guide him all breathleſs through the dreary gloom,
Or trembling lead him to the nameleſs tomb:
There in full ſtreams indulge the feeling heart,
Till gen'rous fancy act the ſculptor's part:
Warm'd by the force of ſome inſpiring ray,
Some emanation from the hallow'd clay:

† The two firſt of theſe authors ended their days in priſon; and COLLINS, who poſſeſſed the very ſoul of poetry, died raving mad at *Chicheſter*.

Rich

Rich to the ſight a monument ſhould riſe,
And ſwelling columns emulate the ſkies;
High ſhould their buſts in ſplendid ſtate be plac'd,
Crown'd with freſh laurels by the hand of Taſte:
Genius in widow'd weeds, with grief-worn air,
To Fame ſhould truſt them with a parent's care.
Here votive altars Gratitude ſhould dreſs,
To ſoft-ey'd Pity, graceful in diſtreſs;
Virtue o'er theſe her aweful form ſhould ſhew,
In all the ſolemn dignity of woe;
Pale Science here ſhould droop, in languid ſtate,
By Graces ſhielded from the ſtrokes of Fate;
Whilſt a rich urn, by Muſes weeping round,
With wreathes of mournful cypreſs ſhould be crown'd;
And Truth ſhould bear, on bold hiſtoric page,
Genius neglected by a thankleſs age.

Yet jails alone compleat not poet's gains,
One poſt ſubſiſts, which ev'n the mind enchains:

Hence, who in youth by willing muſes fir'd,
Wrote verſe's danger, in a verſe admir'd, *
Grown Laureat now, no more the lines engage,
But CIBBER's dullneſs creeps in WH--T--H--D's page.
Thus negatively royal bays adorn,
Like hand infectious wav'd o'er Parſon H------.
This is the age of elegance------of old
Their very buildings bore an heavier mold:
But now refin'd, the lighter graces ſmile,
Old *Covent-Garden* portico is vile;
St. *Paul*'s is horrid, and *Whitehall* for years
Was judg'd too taſteleſs to deſerve repairs;
In clumſy ſtile no more the columns riſe,
But ſprig'd pilaſters cheat the ſtranger's eyes;
So like the ſugars at a Lord Mayor's treat,
They muſt be wond'rous, wond'rous nice---to eat!
Name not fine houſes, built in *Grecian* taſte,
Theſe are fine houſes which are finely laced:

* The Danger of writing Verſe, a poem of great merit, publiſhed in DODSLEY's collection.

A bobb-

A *Brobdignagian* would conceive them all,
Some baby-hutch for GLUMDALCLITCHE's doll;
And the *Dutch* toymen mean to waft them o'er,
A ſecond lott'ry of as many more. *
Not here alone the rage for baubles ſhines,
Genius itſelf to miniature refines;
Great, and ſublime are coarſly vulgar things,
True merit now can watches ſet in rings,
And build fine ſhips, which muſt their foes ſurpriſe,
Compleatly rigg'd, and each an egg-ſhell ſize; †
Unlike thoſe maſſive bodies which of yore
To diſtant climes the father's glory bore:
Whoſe ſons from purer ſprings their glory draw,
Boaſting ſuch fleets as *Gallia* never ſaw;
And ſhould a league with *Lilliput* find men,
How muſt, ye gods, *Armadas* tremble then!

* As he has not hinted the contrary, it is ſuppoſed our traveller allowed the Meſſrs. A——— great merit in the finiſhing ſaloons, and adorning apartments; but that he conceived a gingerbread outſide ill adapted to a northern climate.

† OMIAH had certainly ſeen a *curious* watch, and a *curious* ſhip in ſome great collection; we remember to have heard of ſuch in being.

Should

Should thoughtful LOCKE now viſit *Albion*'s ſhore,
He muſt write novels, or be read no more;
From forth ſome garret, near his much-lov'd ſky,
The matchleſs NEWTON almanacks might cry;
MILTON unfed, might wander in the dark,
And BACON drudge ſome vile attorney's clerk;
Whilſt PINCHEY's name reſounds with regal praiſe,
The *Archimedes* of politer days.

Yet ſtill ſome arts in brighteſt glories ſhine,
Still muſic melts us with a pow'r divine;
Now HANDEL's notes harmonious thunders roll,
And brazen trumpets animate the ſoul;
Now BACH's *Pianos* languiſh in the heart,
And breathing flutes a milder joy impart;
Smooth flow the ſounds whilſt gentle Zephyrs bear
The ſoft enchantment through the yielding air;
With lenient balm to ſoothe the pangs of woe,
And bid the ſtreams of ſorrow ceaſe to flow;

Or in ſweet ſtrains of melting fondneſs move
The tend'reſt ardors of luxurious love.
Now to wild notes the bounding feet advance,
Whilſt reaſon joins th' involuntary dance;
Now ſolemn ſounds a ſacred awe inſpire,
From the deep gloom of yon reſounding choir;
Where organ's peals in ſwell majeſtic riſe,
And bear the ſoul enraptur'd to the ſkies.

But ah! what ſcene now ſtrikes with wild affright! *
What heart-felt horrors pain my aching ſight!
Say, reverend ſire, whence all this mis'ry, ſpeak?
Why ſits pale hunger preying on thy cheek?
Why on thy brow that dark deſpondent gloom?
What hand accurſt has wrought thy barb'rous doom?
Say whence theſe piteous babes in early breath
The fated prey of unrelenting death?
He hears me not, but fixt in ſilent grief,
The tortur'd ſoul is loſt to all relief!

* Suppoſed to mean the picture of Count HUGOLINI in the dungeon.

Speak, hoary wretch; Oh, make theſe mis'ries known,
Nor ſunk in woe be thus transform'd to ſtone!
Thou ſhalt not die,——to nature this I owe,
OMIAH lives, and lives the friend of woe!
I fly to free them, when with ſtrange ſurpriſe,
My honeſt fingers contradict my eyes:
With wonder ſtruck, I doubt which ſenſe is true;
Return to touch, and am convinc'd anew.
'Twas fiction all, illuſion, and deceit;
Magic and REYNOLDS wrought the wond'rous cheat:
His mimic pencil Nature's fire has caught,
And paints at once the feature and the thought.

The females here, whom matchleſs beauties bleſs,
Conſpire to ſpoil them by a taſteleſs dreſs.
The hair, which ſimply would have flow'd with grace,
In eaſy ringlets ſporting round the face,
Now with foul duſt its gloſſy colour ſpoil'd,
With iron riveted, and greaſe defil'd,

Pincht in ſome formal ſhape unſeemly ſtands,
Nature perverted by a Barber's hands.
Moſt I confeſs *tataow* the face, and neck,
But none the breech in pleaſing taſte bedeck;
This nobler part, the *Otaheitean*'s pride,
With awkard veſtments they take pains to hide;
When round their waiſts, our eager arms betray'd,
Claſp a ſtiff rampart for a yielding maid;
Curſt obſtacles! but worſe than theſe remove
The *Britiſh* lovers from the throne of love.
When ſtranger firſt I ſought their Monarch's court,
A nymph I ſaw, juſt ripe for amorous ſport;
Struck with her air and ſhape, I blaz'd deſire,
And long'd to quench the heav'n-deſcended fire;
Civil I aſkt her on the floor to lay,
Where maids of honour might enjoy our play,
And, Lady *B*----, with experienc'd art,
Teach her, like thee to act the warmeſt part.
When, ſtrange to tell, the court appear'd amaz'd,
The young folks titter'd, and the old ones gaz'd:

The virgin's cheeks a crimſon glow diſplay'd,
As though ſome ſtrange or rude requeſt was made.
With ſilent wonder fixt, ſurpris'd I pauſe,
To gueſs what reaſon could ſuch conduct cauſe;
I knew but one---and fancy inſtant drew,
BOUGAINVILLE's horrors to my pitying view; *
But here, my Queen, I err'd, for 'midſt theſe plains,
O'er all the ſex a comic virtue reigns;
Hence contradictions all their acts inſpire,
Still moſt avoiding what they moſt deſire.
Beauteous in vain, to no one purpoſe fair,
And render'd wretched by inſtructive care;
Curſt with refinement, crampt by ſenſeleſs rules;
Through prudence, uſeleſs; and through wiſdom, fools;
Studious to hide, or ſmother e'er they blaze,
The honeſt flames which youth and beauty raiſe;

* Monſieur BOUGAINVILLE's ſhip carried the *Neapolitan* fever to *Otaheite*, where, from the promiſcuous commerce of the natives, it will probably very ſoon annihilate them all, and in the moſt dreadful manner, for the honour of chriſtian humanity.

Hence

Hence ſprings that falſehood which their conduct guides,
Hence that reſerve which o'er the will preſides;
Nature, with cuſtom conſtantly at ſtrife,
Wakes, in the conflict, ſentiment to life:
Not that forc'd ſtuff which makes the wond'ring Pit,
Think moral-ſpinning C-MB-RL-ND, a wit;
But where this fancy'd virtue gains the field,
And plum'd in conqueſt makes the paſſions yield;
Yet ſo that nature with a victor's air,
A ſilken bondage gracefully may wear.

Virtue thus built is but an empty name,
A bubble buoyant on the breath of fame;
Here wealth, and honours chaſtity await,
The ſex's morals are the modes of ſtate;
Tranſport theſe virtuous dames to our bleſt ſhore,
Still love of fame will prompt them as before;
Still the ſame warmth for popular applauſe,
Effects will vary, though unchang'd the cauſe;

No paſſion there pent rankling in the breaſt,
Then will they ſtrive but to enjoy them beſt;
And ſeek new methods to acquire renown,
Suiting our taſtes, to gratify their own.
In man let great, let glorious actions blaze,
The arts of pleaſing be the woman's praiſe.
The wanton kiſs, the warm laſcivious move,
Are female virtues *Otaheiteans* love.

Anxious for knowledge, oft I bend my way,
And the great Senate of the Realm ſurvey;
Here I obſerve what trivial cauſes guide
The reins of empires and their fates decide;
How oft a pimp, a miſtreſs, or a page,
Can mighty ſtates in endleſs broils engage;
How ſilken bands, when o'er the ſhoulder thrown,
With magic art inſpire a ductile tone;
Bearing from wheels of ſtate the borrow'd fire,
Like mere conductors of electric wire;

Or how a golden key ſecures the mind,
And locks the gates of freedom to mankind.

Here too, in ſpeech, the characters I trace,
Or read the manners painted on the face;
In patriot R-CHM-ND mark the Roman ſoul,
Whoſe manly pride diſdains a ſlave's controul.
Full on his brow behold the heav'n-caught flame,
Which darts indignant on the courtier's ſhame;
With conſcious worth in virtues truly great,
Above the weakneſs, and the farce of ſtate.
Or hear old CH-T-M tedious hours beguile,
With more than claſſic elegance of ſtile;
Whilſt upright L-TTL-T-N in quainteſt phraſe,
Upbraid the vice of theſe immoral days:
Religious S-NDW-CH joins the wiſe debate,
And adds *immortal ſeamen* to the ſtate. *

Yet

* This noble Lord, in a late Speech before the Houſe, obſerved, that "The *Newfoundland* fiſhery bred three thouſand ſeamen every year, and that conſequently in ten years thirty thouſand ſeamen would be added to

Yet here through policy's myſterious mines,
The curſt fatality of blund'ring ſhines;
Grown jealous of her ſons, BRITANNIA ſeems
In dotage led by viſionary ſchemes:
Nor ſees becauſe the weſtern waves divide,
Her children's greatneſs with own her ally'd;
Hence ſends ſhe forth eight thouſand hearts of ſteel,
To eat three millions at a monſtrous meal;
And when *Boſtonians* bribe them to diſplay
The *Amor Patriæ*, for a groat a day;
To ſlay, like QUIXOTE, flocks of adverſe ſheep,
And ſteal more cabbages, than laurels reap.

Can no *Utopian* miniſter ariſe,
Who might for once with honeſty ſurpriſe?

to the maritime ſtrength of the country." 'Tis pity that his Lordſhip had not carried on his exquiſite calculation a little farther: for example, an hundred years, when three hundred thouſand ſeamen would have made a capital figure. This Nobleman has been ever ſo eminently diſtinguiſhed for his arithmetical abilities, that it is ſaid the late Duke of B——D being to pay him 50l. did it in *Portugal* money, purpoſely to enjoy his not being able to make it out.

No

No patriot king can Heav'n in pity ſpare,
Whoſe people's bliſs ſhould be his only care:
Who ſolely anxious for his country's good,
Croſst by no faction, by no plan withſtood,
With gen'rous ſoul revering nature's plan,
Should ſwear allegiance to the rights of man;
On the firm baſis of deſert, his reign
Corruption's baneful torrent ſhould reſtrain;
And prove unbrib'd, that *Britain*'s ſtates would join,
When *Britain*'s welfare urg'd the juſt deſign.

Seek you how farther I my hours employ,
What learning gather, and what ſports enjoy?
Know, through the town my guide S--L--ND--R goes,
To plays, muſeums, conjurers, and ſhows;
He forms my taſte, with ſkill minute, to claſs,
Shells, foſſils, maggots, butterflies, and graſs;
Shows the old cloſet where with equal art,
M--CPH---S--N found D--L---MPL--'s Second Part:

And hints (for *Britain*'s praiſe) how flaviſh books,
Are cheap collected by the paſtry-cooks.
O'er verdant plains my ſteps OPANE leads, *
To trace the organs of a ſex in weeds;
And bids like him the world for monſters roam,
Yet find none ſtranger than are here at home.
PR--STLY inſtructs how acid menſtruum works, †
And bottles air without the help of corks.
IRV--G to theſe does chymic lectures join, ‡
Mourning his diſtance from the ocean's brine;
Yet for *Crane's Court* with niceſt care diſtills, §
Pellucid ſtreams from nature's ſecret rills;
But where ſome ancient maid the ſource ſupplies,
A brackiſh taint the force of art defies;
Whilſt hot as ſprings in BLADUD's healing fane,
A min'ral water ſtreams from *Drury-Lane*.

* The *Otaheiteans* called Mr. B--NKS, Opane.

† See a diſſertation on fixed air.

‡ The famous rectifier of ſea water.

§ *Crane's Court* the place of the Royal Society's meetings.

Thus

Thus taught, thus rear'd, ſtill finding ſomething new,
A thouſand varied wonders I purſue:
Sometimes I ride---to *Iſlington* repair,
Where the cloſe cit retires for country air;
In ſome ſnug box moſt ſtupidly ſerene,
With palliſades, and window ſhutters green,
He thanks his ſtars that 'tis his bliſsful lot,
To rear plantations in a garden pot.
Before his door a pair of yew-trees plac'd,
Wear each two elbows in a rural taſte;
A mob of Gods and Goddeſſes behind,
In doleful poſtures ſtrike the thinking mind,
Here winged MERC'RY wiſhful views the ſky,
Cocks up his heel, but has not room to fly;
And modeſt VENUS here ſo ſquarely made,
Seems in the crowd preparing to caſcade; *

* Suppoſed to mean the Venus de MEDICIS, which when ill made is exactly in the attitude which conveys OMIAH's indelicate idea of a goddeſs.

Whilſt *Gladiators* panting yield their breath,
Part choakt with duſt, and partly throng'd to death.
Near, his *gazebo* on a mole-hill ſtands,
Which thrice ten yards the duſty road commands.
Still nobler proſpects grace the manſion's walls,
The Attic *Highgate* views, the leads St. *Paul's*;
And was it not for that curſt butcher's ſtall,
Would ſee the graſs, the fields, the cows and all.
There lurks a green-houſe which in ſhape and ſize,
Seem'd a Dutch oven us'd for Chriſtmas pies;
From which a walk compleats the rural ſcenes,
With cut box hedge, and two dwarf evergreens.
O, bliſsful ſtate! to bear ſupreme command,
O'er a vaſt tract of forty yards of land;
Here may'ſt thou long enjoy the ſweets they bring,
Grow thine own parſley, and deſpiſe a king:
So may no boy thy ſingle pear-tree break,
No neighbour's cow drink up thy ſilver lake;
Ne'er may her foot oppreſs thy golden fry,
Who muſt amphibious turn, or baſely die.

Here

Here in thy new *pagoda* ſnugly pent,
Con o'er thy pipe old joys of cent per cent;
Or read the papers, happy to be told,
Of ſome *unique muſeum* to be ſold,†
Where *undeniably* ſome villa's found,
In *ſweet delectability* of ground.
And unconcern'd but with domeſtic views,
Call plagues and earthquakes not a word of news;
Kill twenty thouſand *Turks* with all the eaſe
An *Otaheitean* would as many fleas:
But mourn the nymph who rackt by hopeleſs flames,
Aſſay'd to quench them in the cooling *Thames*;
Mark lenient halters ſoothe the ills of life,
In ſome who want, and more who have a wife.
See all ills cur'd nor yet conceive I why,
With ſuch ſpecifics *Britons* ever die:

† See the Auctioneer's advertiſements of Villas undeniably ſituate, *unique muſeums*, &c.

Yet all are not immortal; even here,
In ſpite of art we meet the gloomy bier:
Till then I thought as war a peace could bring,
Health might from ſickneſs naturally ſpring:
How far the ſyſtem rul'd, was hard to tell,
They might be ſick, in order to be well.
Still more I wonder'd to behold a tribe,
Who roll'd in chariots merely to preſcribe;
Yet I obſerv'd that thoſe the leaſt were ill,
Whoſe pockets leaſt could bear the doctor's bill;
That theſe who young half ſtarv'd on ſcanty meat,
In age were ſated without teeth to eat.

Sick of theſe motley ſcenes, might I once more,
In peace return to *Otaheite*'s ſhore,
How might I there with rational delight,
Their faults and merits, unreſerv'd recite;
Well pleas'd to hear our aged ſires debate,
On the vile morals of a poliſht ſtate.

How

How vain is learning, and how ſenſeleſs art,
United tending to pervert the heart;
Callous to all the finer ſtrokes which Heav'n,
To undeprav'd, untutor'd man has giv'n;
Whoſe honeſt heart no ſordid intereſt fires,
No faſhion ſways, no prejudice inſpires;
Where nature only rules the lib'ral mind,
Unſpoil'd by art, by falſehood unrefin'd;
She feels his wants, and taught by her to live,
He feels that comfort, riches cannot give.

Might I, bleſt thought! thoſe plains again review,
Again the paths of grateful joy purſue;
To taſte beneath ſome plantain's friendly ſhade,
The warm endearments of a willing maid,
Whoſe tender years the nice gradation prove,
When infant fondneſs ripens into love;
There claſpt in tranſport to her beating breaſt,
Each ardent wiſh without reſtraint poſſeſt;

Profuſely

Profuſely rich in all th' enraptur'd wealth,
Which nature ſtores for innocence and health;
Raptures repeated on delights ſhould riſe,
Bloom o'er the cheeks, and languiſh in the eyes;
Thus might we long indulge extatic flames,
And leave chill virtue to *European* dames.

How could I too in generous floods impart,
The candid friendſhip of a guileleſs heart!
How join the chace o'er many a ſultry plain,
How bathe luxurious in the ſilver main!
Or ſeek ſedate the cool umbrageous grove,
Where ſolitude and contemplation rove,
There fondly ſtraying o'er the ſylvan ſcenes,
Taſte unreſtrain'd what Freedom really means:
And glow inſpir'd with that enthuſiaſt zeal,
Which *Britons* talk of, *Otaheiteans* feel.

11 : 7 '49

FINIS.